

# The Bucks County Gazette.

VOL. IX.

BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1881.

NO. 3.

## TEMPERANCE TOPICS.

—Bequerel has proven that frost penetrates grass-covered ground much more slowly than bare ground.

—A Roumanian engineer is reported to have produced a new submarine boat capable of remaining under water for twelve hours, and which may be sunk to a depth of seven or eight hundred feet. Illumination on board the vessel enables its officers to see for a distance of one hundred and thirty feet under water. In the light of recent progress, the realization of Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" seems an almost probable event of the near future.

—The tracing of the "evolution of the tides" is a work in which Mr. G. H. Darwin, son of the great naturalist, has long been engaged. The results of his labors formed the subject of a recent lecture by Dr. Ball, the Astronomer Royal for Ireland. The effect of the tides on the earth is to reduce its rate of rotation and lengthen its day. As the earth from this cause turns slower and slower the moon must be gradually receding from it. This has been going on for ages, and millions of years ago—how many millions cannot be told—the earth must have revolved on its axis in two or three hours, while the moon, then very near to the earth, must have whirled around the larger globe in a period equal to the earth's day. Mr. Darwin traces the tidal evolution to this primeval condition of things. Farther back is uncertainty, but he conjectures that in a very remote period a mass of matter must have been violently thrown out from the earth, forming the moon. In the early days of the latter, its effect on the earth's surface must have been tremendous, producing tides a thousand or two thousand feet high.

—Faire's new secondary or storage battery brings that valuable agent, electricity, within easy reach of the surgeon. A practical application of the new battery has been successfully made by Dr. George Buchanan, of the University of Glasgow, in the removal of a tumor from the tongue. As the new instrument enables one to carry stores of electricity in small compass, Dr. Buchanan believes the use of the electric current will now be greatly extended.

—It is asserted that the common black ant is largely cultivated by the leading orchardists of northern Italy and southern Germany. They believe the insect to be the fruit-grower's best friend. They establish ant hills in their orchards, and leave the trees in the exclusive care of the tiny colonists, whose time is devoted to climbing the stems of the fruit trees and cleansing their bark and leaves of all mal-factors, mature as well as embryonic. The spoils thus secured are brought to the ground, and consumed or safely stored away. They never meddle with sound fruit, but invade only such apples, pears and plums as have already been penetrated by the canker, which they remorselessly pursue to its fastnesses within the very heart of the fruit. Nowhere are apple and pear trees so free from blight and destructive insects as in the immediate neighborhood of a large ant hill five or six years old. The favorite food of the ants appears to be the larvae and pupae of those insects most destructive to the tender shoots and young leaves of fruit trees.

—For several years, a French chemist has been engaged in the interesting experiment of raising plants in a soil produced artificially. His plants have been unusually thrifty.

—A discovery of more than usual interest in connection with the history of ancient man, has been made in Spain. Some lead mines in the province of Segovia, about seventy miles northwest of Madrid, recently broke into an immense cavern, in the interior of which they found, upon an argillaceous deposit and in the midst of stalagmites, the remains of about five hundred human skeletons of both sexes. Chipped stone and quartz implements, and fragments of rude pottery, were also obtained. Ten well shaped and perfect skulls of a prehistoric type were recovered.

—The personal interest taken in scientific matters by the Emperor of Brazil is shown by a note which he has recently transmitted to the French Academy upon the time of Jupiter's rotation. The sharpness of outline and distinctness of color of the great brown spot which has been so long visible upon Jupiter's surface has enabled a Brazilian astronomer, Mr. Crall, to deduce from nearly 1100 rotations a period of 9 h., 52 m. and 36 s., as the length of day of the huge planet.

—The largest photographs ever produced have been made by a photographer of Sydney, Australia. Among his subjects are two panoramic views of the cities of Sydney and Melbourne, each composed of about a dozen separate sheets harmoniously united. One picture, printed from a single negative, is five by three feet.

—A special form of the Swan electric lamp, which lamp is constructed on principle almost identical with Edison's, has been designed as a safety lamp in coal mines. It is perfectly safe so long as the glass is not broken and there is no "sparking" from broken wires. This method of underground lighting is soon to be tried experimentally in an English colliery.

—A DAUGHTER'S AFFECTION.—She is the delight of her parents at home, their pride abroad, the solace of their labor and their cares, and the anticipated hope and joy of their declining lives. The love of offspring, the most forcible of all our instincts, is even stronger toward the female than the male child. It is wise that it should be so—it is more wanted; it is just that it should be so—it is more required. There is no pillow on which the head of a parent, anguished by sickness or sorrow, can so sweetly repose as on the bosom of an affectionate daughter. Her attentions are unequalled. Even when she is a child, she gives her hand and her heart to her husband, and still she may share her care and attention with her mother, without a pang of jealousy or a shadow of doubt. She only looks on them as the assured pledges of her fidelity, and the satisfying evidence of a good disposition.

## TERESINA'S PRIZE.

—L'UBIANA.—This State has a local option law whereby each county or parish through the police jury or commissioners may order an election to determine whether liquor may be sold or not. Under this law many parishes have in the past year voted "no liquor" with great good results. A Sunday law was passed by the lower house by a vote of sixty-one to eleven, and is pending in the Senate when it meets in January next.

A correspondent of the Greenville (Tenn.) Herald, writing of the causes which attended the late defeat of local option in the Tennessee Legislature, says: "It is an undisputed fact that during the consideration of the bill whiskey was furnished in the Capitol, where every member who wanted it could be treated, and one or two members became intoxicated." Another correspondent of another paper, the Monroe Democrat, writes: "The opponents of the bill (local option) had in an adjoining room (according to their own choice) and without doing that they had a 'class session of the city could afford.' Temporarily the liquor men, through such unscrupulous means, are masters of the situation. Primarily temperance electors have the power in their own hands, wherever they are in a majority, if they will, but nominate and elect to legislative bodies men who are not candidates as will make no compromise with evil and give no quarter to strong drink. Thus alone can the liquor men be defeated and their corrupting influence be banished from the legislature and lobbies of our State legislatures and of the Congress of the United States."

IN TEMPERANCE AND CRIME.—The twelfth annual report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics and Labor contains statistics of much significance and value concerning "Drunkenness and Liquor-Selling." The figures demonstrate that eighty-four per cent. of the crime of Boston and Suffolk County for the previous year was "due directly or indirectly to the influence of liquor." The report summarizes the number of convictions and sentences, the various degrees of proportion of abstainers, moderate and excessive drinkers, etc., and, in view of the facts thus collected and exhibited, says: "Of these figures paint a picture at once the most natural and hideous of the guilt and power of rum." The report is in effect a powerful arraignment of the social drinking usages and of the liquor traffic.

PROHIBITION IN MEDIA PA.—In an appreciative tribute to the memory of the late Rev. Dr. James W. Dale, a correspondent of the New York Evangelist writes: "When the borough of Media was incorporated Dr. Dale, by Hercules effort succeeded in having a prohibitory clause inserted in the charter, and for thirty years not a drop of intoxicating drink has been sold in that borough except in violation of the charter. The town is now as close to total abstinence as any town in the country. Many a home is happy to-day which but for the influence of the liquor traffic would be a den of iniquity and a scene of wretchedness. When an attempt was made to induce the Legislature to amend the charter by removing this restriction, Dr. Dale secured letters from householders, from teachers, from housewives, from the people to be spared the threatened indignity, had them printed and scattered among the members of the Legislature, and thus saved the charter."

SOCIAL STATISTICS OF THE BREWERS.—It is a noteworthy feature of the proceedings of the late Browne Congress that beside resolving to secure adequate protection for their business interests as brewers, they determined also to seek due social recognition. The day has gone by for brewers and distillers to find recognition and welcome in this country, in any really good society, however much money they may have, if the nature of their business is known and understood. In Maine and Kansas they are outlaws, and in many other portions of the country public opinion is strong against them. In the not far distant future their social status will be everywhere that of the penitentiary.

THE SUPREME COURT.—A FORBIDDEN MOORE.—The brewers of Kansas appealed their case to the Supreme Court of that State and were defeated. Now the brewers of the whole country, as represented in their late congress, have resolved to make common cause, and to renew the contest against constitutional prohibition in the Supreme Court of the United States. We are not adverse to this, and shall be glad of the opportunity to chronicle one more verdict on the part of our highest legal tribunal confirming the right of a State to prohibit a traffic deemed therein inimical to the public safety and welfare.

THE GROSS-SHOPS MUST BE SHUT.—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in the New York Independent, in an able article, entitled "The Argument from Experience," says: "One thing, however, would seem to be past dispute. Something the sale of liquors must be checked. Something must be done to close the gross-shops. A power bold enough to be strong, and strong to be bold, must shut the door, as God shut the door for Noah which he could not or did not move himself. If moral suasion, and Christian example, and medical treatment, and public sentiment, and the pledge, and the Red-Ribbon clubs, and the prayer meeting put about these gaping gates like the breath of babies, the tornado that shall beat them back must come; and whether it come by the law or the Gospel, who shall be offended."

"The power that will do the thing, whatever it be, is the power that must do it. As long as eight-five per cent. of our prisoners are their incarceration to drunkenness; as long as there is in our cities one licensed place for the sale of liquor to every one hundred and seventy inhabitants; as long as sixty thousand persons a year in this country die drunk, or from the effects of drink, there is no other side to the matter. The gross-shops must be shut. He is either criminally ignorant or fact or criminally indifferent to them who can deny this."

## TERESINA'S PRIZE.

Paussilio is a suburb of Naples, stretching along the western side of the beautiful bay, about which so much has been said and written. Along the steep banks that descend abruptly to the sea are many charming villas facing directly on the water, and reached from the main road by zigzag paths, through gardens rich in all the luxuriant growth of Southern Italy. With the deep-blue water washing the rocks upon which these houses stand, and beyond the sea the mountains behind Sorrento, Castellana and Vico standing out in bold outline; with Vesuvius looming in the distance and threatening to the left—there is here to be found about as fine a view as the heart of man could desire. And when the eye, as it is apt to do, tires of these grand beauties, it is only necessary to turn round to regale one's senses with the soft greens of the fig-trees, olive, chestnut and lemon, the colors of the orange-blossoms and roses, and the varied hues of the many flowers, with which nature supplies this land with so liberal a hand.

In one of the prettiest of these villas lived an English family; and at the time of the present story some tender passages were taking place between the eldest daughter of the house and Lord Ardley, whose yacht was in harbor at Santa Lucia, whence it was his frequent custom to sail across in the dingy when the wind was light, by night, and a short cut, and to avoid the dust, jolts and small annoyances of the stage. The usual companion of these journeys was a lad of eighteen, an Englishman who, some few years previously, had been cast adrift at Naples by one of those strange chances which are liable to befall a young sailor who finds himself with a brutal captain and a drunken crew. After many shifts and much misery, by dint of sheer honesty and industry, he had managed to procure passage in this city, and aided by a quick intelligence, he had acquired a fair knowledge of the language, and a decent position as guide, courier, or commissionaire, as occasion offered. His name was Frank Lloyd. Lord Ardley had taken a fancy to him, and attached him to his special service during his stay in the neighborhood, finding him both useful and discreet.

Now it happened that adjoining the Villa Santangelo was an untenanted house, placed under the care of a gardener, named Baldelli, who occupied a small house close to the water's edge, which served for bathing apartments when the main building was tenanted. With old Baldelli lived his niece Teresina, an exceptionally beautiful girl of fifteen, who rather than hard time of it to make things comfortable for her uncle, and an avowed lover, to whom the expenditure of every sold for household necessities was an agony. Teresina was a great favorite at the villa, where she was often required to assist the ladies with her needle, and there some of her happiest days were spent, much indeed to her own advantage; for, taking an interest in her, they had taught her habits and modes of life which raised her considerably above her countrywoman of the same class. She was a little in the society of her own class; for Baldelli was strongly averse to anything in the nature of outings or junketings, as involving expense, and his miserly habits made him unpopular amongst his neighbors.

Teresina had been for some time attached to Frank Lloyd, much to the displeasure of old Baldelli who hated him very cordially for the way in which Lloyd steadily set his face against the monstrous impositions attempted by the old man, though he frequently put little commissions in his way for flowers, fruit, poultry and the rest. He felt that Lloyd, who was also a thorn in the sides of the old man, was a typical specimen of those Neapolitan, a term of contempt used specifically for a loafing set in Naples by the surrounding towns. Just a shade above the lazaroni, who are fast disappearing, they are as idle and worthless a set of cubs as are to be found in Europe. Work is hateful to them; they would sooner die than be obliged to work a day, and times is spent round the doors of cafes, in the piazzas, on board the sea steamers, in the gardens of the Chiaia; always in gangs, gambling, idling, smoking, singing, sometimes—by rarest—fighting, never working. Where they find means to dress their unclean bodies in the tawdry pseudo-respectable clothes they wear, and for the lavish display of collars and cuffs—their sole aim is to attract the eye of a woman. Luigi had been educated highly in this set; but, having a notion to settle down into a less precarious mode of life, had thought that Teresina might prove a useful appendage, and, perhaps, by her cleverness and industry, supply him with means for his own particular pleasures.

Affairs thus stood when a stroke of fortune, which befell Teresina, gave rise to the trouble which this story tells. Like many wiser and better people than herself, she occasionally dreamed dreams, and often threw away her small savings in the public lotteries upon some "lucky number" which was to make her fortune. One day, however, she found herself to be the one in a thousand on whom Fortune smiles. She was the winner of five hundred pounds. It is needless to say with the she said that she presented herself at the bank of lotto, and her disappointment in finding it was impossible to pay the money over to her. She was too young. She must bring her parents or guardian. With a heavy heart she returned to Paussilio, no longer thinking of the joyful surprise she had in store for her darling Frank, when she should place the money in his hands; and tell him to take her with him; and with presentation of some misfortune that must arise from the English lady, or her cousin's envy. But she had been taught a courage and independence from her association with the English, which determined her to make a stand for her rights.

"What! what do you do so late?" growled her uncle as she entered the house. "I have been to the bank of lotto, my father!" "Lotto! what have you to do with lotto?" "O little devil! it is not enough that you should beggar me by giving macaroni to my blind beggar who passes, but you must play lotto, eh? While Luigi sleeps all day, and drinks anisette like a prince! Curse you both!" "But I have gained, my father. And it will be worth your money, but some that I earned from the English ladies." "Gained! Humph! Nine or ten lira for your trenta centesimi, I suppose?" "I have won twelve thousand five hundred francs."

Old Baldelli dropped his hands to his side, fell back in his chair, and, with open mouth and staring eyes, seemed to have lost all power of utterance. "It is true, uncle Baldelli; and you are glad of my fortune are you not?" "Twelve thousand! Why, we shall be rich, my little Teresina. But where is the money? Let me look at it, let me feel it; and his lean fingers trembled with excitement. "I have not yet received it. They said you must apply for it. But here is the ticket." Old Baldelli seemed lost in thought. "Yes, yes; I will apply for it," he said; "and then what gay doings shall we have! And you shall have the brightest silk scarf in Naples, and a silver necklet worth fifty francs, if I can't get it cheaper. And when you marry Luigi—"

"But I am not going to marry Luigi!" "Ah, but that will all come in time. And we will buy the little orchard on the hill above, and your old uncle—your loving kind old uncle—shall do all the work, and Luigi shall play at *more* and go to the theatre, and the little Teresina shall look after the house and be as extravagant as she pleases. And an old man chuckled over this pleasant arrangement. But Teresina's spirit rose at this. "I will never marry Luigi, uncle Baldelli, for I have plighted myself to Frank Lloyd."

Her uncle looked black at this; but any care about his niece's marriage was, at present, absorbed in thoughts about the money he saw in connection between the two at the time. He felt that he had granted that what was hers was his, and if she would not have Luigi—Well, it was very desirable, certainly, but Luigi must look out for himself. "And you will take five thousand francs for yourself, uncle; for, although my father, I believe, left you sufficient for my support, I would not appear ungrateful. For the rest, I wish it to be given to my future husband."

Baldelli stopped in the middle of some calculations he was making, looked oddly for a few moments at his niece, and over his face came a look that frightened her. "Baldelli, little fool, you know not what you say! Will you sacrifice your family to this accused fair-faced foreigner?" "The foreigner loves me. My family's kindness to me is a great blessing." "At this moment a servant from the Villa Santangelo appeared to request his presence at the house. "Say no word of this to the English people," was her uncle's injunction as she left.

"I will say no word, but I will do as I have said," and there was a determination in her voice and look that there was no mistaking. Baldelli sat for a long time, never moving but to make a gesture of anger, or to utter an oath. Presently he went to a cupboard, took from it a bottle of wine that had laid there many a month, and drank it at a draught. And then, as the unaccustomed fumes mounted to his brain for a rarely took stimulants—he paced the chamber to and fro, excited and agitated. "It was late when Teresina returned, and it was with surprise she found herself accompanied by her uncle in amiable tones. 'You have said nothing at the villa of your fortune, child?' 'Nothing, my father.' 'And you will not marry that poor Luigi, and you will give all this money to the Englishman?' 'It is only just, uncle Baldelli.' 'And your poor uncle will remain in Paussilio, and work, work for his little plate of macaroni, and his dear little Teresina will be quite proud, and ashamed of him?' and there was a sneer in the old man's tones, and a dark look in his eyes, that belied the softness of his speech.

"No, no," replied his niece, "never that I hope. But you will go about this for me to-morrow, will you not?" "Yes, I will see to it. And now we will go to the bank of lotto, where it is ready; and he took from a side table two tumbler already poured out. "Ah, this is very kind of you, my father. 'Finish it, finish it,' he said fiercely; 'a bumper to the lucky number.' And she, not caring to irritate him, complied. She shortly after retired to rest, drowsy and tired. Half an hour afterward the old man crept toward his room, muttering, 'La Sonambula, la Sonambula! Luigi said that the opera at San Carlo was like real life. Sonambulists do strange things.' And he passed into his room.

Frank Lloyd was sitting in a boat waiting for his employer at the steps of the Villa Santangelo. He was surprised to see a light burning in the gardener's house at so late an hour; but he knew that Teresina often sat up late after her uncle had retired; indeed, he had had many a long talk with her, and he knew that she was waiting for him. At this moment he heard the voice of Lord Ardley, joining in a duet with his fiancée at the villa. "He won't come away just yet," said the sailor to himself; so taking a clean jump over a strip of water that separated the two basements, he clambered up to the gardener's window, and placed his hands on the window-sill, and was about to give the usual signal, when, to his intense astonishment, he saw old Baldelli staggering from the opposite room, half dragging, half carrying his niece. What could it mean? Was she ill? Was it fresh air she required? He had not much time for thought; for the window opened suddenly outward by Baldelli, and the old man, with a look of terror, came to the surface. As he came to the surface, great Heaven! he could neither stop nor prevent it—the slight form of his sweetheart was hurled from the window into the black water below; and the old man, not daring to look upon his handiwork, closed the window abruptly and disappeared. It was the work of a moment for the young sailor to reach the body of his sweet, and place her in his boat under cover of a night. But what was he to do with his precious burden, which lay, safe but still unconscious, near him? He might indeed place her under the care of the ladies at the villa; but then he feared the chatter of servants, nor did he know what power her uncle might have to claim her from them, for Italian courts are slow to recognize the interference of foreigners in domestic difficulties. While he was still in doubt he was joined by Lord Ardley, to whom he related his adventure. The nobleman listened to the agitated voice of the poor

lad, and making a shrewd guess at their relations, he said: "Your sweetheart, eh, Lloyd?" "Yes, sir, not a doubt of it." "And you're going to marry her?" "Now more than ever, sir. Ah, my lord, you don't know what difficulties we've had to fight against, nor yet how dear she is to me." And then he told the whole story of his attachment as they rowed vigorously, each at an oar, toward Santa Lucia, where Teresina was placed on board the yacht.

On the following day Baldelli, haggard and anxious, an early hour, presented himself at the *banco di lotto*. "I have come, as the guardian of my niece Teresina, to claim the money she has gained in the lottery." "Very good, signore. And first the ticket if you please." He eagerly presented it. "All right and in order," said the clerk. "She presented herself here yesterday?" "She did." The clerk took out a large roll of notes, which he began deliberately and without haste to count.

"What a stroke of fortune for one so young!" Baldelli nodded his head impatiently. The clerk tied up the bundle of notes, and began to whistle. "Addio! mia bella Napoli!" "Well, well," said the gardener sharply. "And thus, an early hour, presented himself at the *banco di lotto*. 'I have come, as the guardian of my niece Teresina, to claim the money she has gained in the lottery.' 'Very good, signore. And first the ticket if you please.' He eagerly presented it. 'All right and in order,' said the clerk. 'She presented herself here yesterday?' 'She did.' The clerk took out a large roll of notes, which he began deliberately and without haste to count.

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